IOHANNES WHITGIFTVS ARCHEP'

Whitgiftus ruptis vinclis Romana relinquens
Sacra prius, sese meliores vertit ad vsus

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AN EPITAPH,

On the Death of the late

most reuerend Father in God, IOHN:
by his prouidence the Arch-Byshop of
Canterburie his Grace, &c.

Made to runne vpon the letters of
his Names and Tytles. &c.

His Grace deceased at *Lambeth* in the yeere of
his age 72. February *29.* 1603. And his
Funerall rightes were kept at *Croy-*
den the *27.* of March fol-
lowing. *1604.*

The dayes of man are as Grasse: as a Flowre of the
fielde, so flourisheth hee. For the Winde goeth ouer
it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know
it no more. Psal. *103. 15, 16.*

Imprinted at London by W. White.
dwelling in Cow-lane neere
Smith-fielde. 1604.

TO THE MOST REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

RICHARD, by Gods prouidence Byshoppe of London. &c.

To the right Worshipfull *M. George Whitegift*, and to all the kindred and friends of that name: *I. R.* wisheth all health and comfort ouer their great heauinesse, for the death of the late Arch-Byshoppe of *Canterburie* his Grace. &c.

NOt to be tedious to your good Lordship, and Worships (considering your waighty affaires at this time) In few wordes (presuming vpon your courtecies) I present you with this poore Pamphlet *or* Epitaph, *which I haue made on the death of the late most reuerend the* Lord *of* Canterburie *his Graee: (to whom I was much bounden and beholding, as many of his Gentlemen and others do well know.) And now being driuen with the streame of my loue, duetie, and good-will to his grace, as also to your good L. and Worships: I can not but doe some thing (with others) as the last part of seruice that I can doe for his Grace in this life: I most humbly beseech you all therefore, to accept well of the same, and to protect it vnder the winges of your fauours; and then I shall not need to care for* Zoylus, Momus, *and the rest of that viperous brood. &c.*

Your Lordship, and Worships most humbly to be commaunded. *I. R.*

A Flovver for the day.

I See that *Death* dares ſeaze on Po-ten-tates,
On Kinges, on Byſhop's, and on all eſtates:
How ſhall we maruell then, that this graue man,
Now on the ſuddaine is thus dead and gon?
Iohn was his Chriſten name, moſt men do know,
Iohn ſignifies Gods *grace*, *mercie*, and ſo:
Iohn was the firſt Fore-runner vnto Chriſt,
Iohn an Apoſtle was to the moſt High'ſt:
Some way we might report thus of his Grace,
Who preacht and rulde, as beſt became his place.

WELL then, we ſee what our great ſinnes haue done,
How God ſtill frownes on euery mothers ſonne,
In taking Queene, and ſending Plagues withall:
Thouſands did die, which bred our griefe and thall:
Enforſt with griefe, for this mans death, I ſay,
God helpe the *Clergie*; for whoſe good I pray:
If many ſuch ſhould die, where ſhould we finde,
For his poore Church, a man ſo well inclinde:
To ſpeake the trueth, hardly comes ſuch in place,
Except Gods ayde; therefore hard is their caſe.

White-gift our *Delium* Pearle, or Sun-ſhine bright,
Virgin-like Piller, and Starre ſhining light:
Is now Interred, and his ſoule at reſt
Among the Sainctes, that are already bleſt:
There to expect the Reſurrection day,
When all th'elect ſhall liue with God for aye.

THE The toyle he tooke, in Church & Common wealth
HE Haſt-ned his death, and did impaire his health:
E Euen ſo it doth all great men in the Land.
Yet this all perſons will not vnderſtand.
ARCHBYSHOPE Ah woe is vs, for thee: who can but moane,
Repent thy loſſe and lacke, now thou art gone:
Come mournefull *Muſes*, and Multitudes eke,
Helpe with your tunes, Set *dyrrie doulfull* lyke:
Bring vs your Shackbuts that will rent the ground,
Your Citters & Bandoras, with their ſiluer ſound:
Sweete voyced *Cliopæ* ſing to our Vearſe,
Helpe vs this day about his Sable *Hearſe*.
O *England*, let thy plaintes likewiſe appeare,
Powre out thy ſobs for this our friend moſt deare:
Ecchous reſounding voyce in thee let ring,
For th'Arch-byſhops death, which is our hartes deepe ſting.
Arch-Byſhop *Yorke*, and Byſhops of each See:
Arch-Deacons, Deanes, and Prebends in degree:
Churches Cathedrall, Quires of Boyes and Men,
Keepe you this Funerall both with tongue and pen.
Organiſtes all, on ſoft ſtops giue the Kay,
And let Subchaunter keepe good time all way:
Maiſters of Children, Vergers all attende,
Keepe a *Decoram* till the Herralds ende.
OF Oh that our heades had *Hieremy* his teares,
Fountaines might then flow many months & yeares
CANT Crying for him that quaild Church Robbers ſtill,
And did defeate *Dioniz'ous* of his will.
Nabals & *Newtors*, they the Church would nurſſe,
Thewdas and *Iudas* they would beare the Purſſe:

Euen

E Euen as the Sea that eates into the land,
R Right so did these; whom *White-gift* did withstand.
B Blessed *King Iames*, helpe now in this, and flourish,
E Eise Learning, which doth true Relig'on nourish;
R Reuolters will destroy, and thee withall:
Y Yea, bring in Barbarisme, if we fall.
Come *Canterbery*, let vs weepe with thee,
For thou shalt misse *White-gift*, as well as wee.
Clad all our Quire and Church with blacke throughout,
Let Cittie, Walles, and Streetes be hung about:
Kent with her wealth, can not giue Blackes to all,
That would be Mourners at this *Fu-ne-rall*. (will,
H Heare mee: his Grace wrongd no man with good
I In all his wayes he shund the Pathes of ill:
S Such as disturbd the Church, he did assay,
G Godly to win, and leade an other way.
R Reu'rent he was, milde, gentle, and discreete,
A Affable, wise and sober, as was meete:
C Certaine it is, mine eares did heare it plaine,
E, *Enuie*, that would him dead, wisht him againe.
His Grace was gratious vnto euery one,
Especially to Ministers, when they made moane.
His Grace won grace with men of each degree,
In Court and Country, all the world did see.
Graceless are they, that will my wordes controule,
Carceless of credite, body, life, and soule.
M More might be sayd of him, if Time gaue leaue
E Each man to please, but Time doth me bereaue.
T The *Vniuersities*, can speake of him,
R Report his life, and how he hated sinne.

O Oh *Cambridge* thou, and Colledges in thee,
P Powre out your plaintes, & sing this song with mee:
O O Colledge faire, that men cals *Trin-ne-tie*,
L Looke on thy losse, and lacke of such an ee.
I It is well knowne, what paines of late he tooke,
T Touching the Cleargie, and Communion Booke:
A And how he shewd our King the ready way,
N Now to prouide for Church, and Schollers stay.
Most reuerend Fathers, follow you this thing,
GOD is with you, and so is *IAMES* our King:
What though Lay-men would swallow you, and all,
Yet stand you fast, and then their prides will fall:
Meete *Metropol'tans* you may grow in time,
Still to keepe out the Wilde-Boore from this Vine:
Foxes and all, you shall driue hence at last:
Now is the time, there is no good time past.
Intreate and sue, that no Land goe Tyth free,
And that Tyth Statutes may explayned bee:
Seeke that the Cleargie be not wronged still
By euery vpstart, that would haue his will.
O O carefull *Croyden*, now to thee I speake,
F For thine and *Lambeths* losse, our harts will breake.
A Ah! Who shall do as *White-gift* did for you?
L Lay vp and build Schoole and Almshouses too?
L Lord I know none, such Blacke Swans are too rare.
E Each man is bent to Auarice euery where,
N None but the Lord, can set such men in place,
G Gladly to pitty the poore man and his case:
L Let *White-giftes* worke, that stands thus in the eye,
O On each Arch-Byshop for like worke still cry:

No

N D. No doubt but God will then blesse them the more,
Dayly increase their Basket and their store.
Of all Arch-Byshops that for Trueth yet stood,
White-gift and *Mathew Parker* did most good:
As of all *England* therefore they had charge,
So in all *England* they did good at large.
England hath great cause both to laugh and weepe,
Laugh for our King, and Triumphes that we keepe:
Wayle for our sinnes in Court and Country too,
Moorne for this Man, and walke as moorners doe.
See how this yeeres minde of late Q. comes in,
Th'Aarch-Byshops Fun'rall doth the same begin:
God graunt we haue no moe such doulefull yeeres,
That should thus threaten death of Prince or Peeres.
No *English* Chronicle doth make relation,
Of such euentes, beyond all exspectation.
F Feare God therefore, and do well to thy powre,
I In euery thing prepare for dying howre:
N Neuer presume vpon thy strength or youth:
I In any wise depende on God and Trueth:
S. So shalt thou come to heauenly ioyes at last,
I. Ioyfully leauing life, and pleasures past,
R. Rest so, and pray for King and Kingdomes all:
C. Christ then will blesse, & keepe thee still from thrall
Finis this world, and worldly thinges we know,
Finis therefore our liues, when we must goe:
Finis the teares that doth run downe mens eyes,
For *White-gistes* death, sith they can not suffize.
Finis this Worke, and *Epitaph* of mine,
Which to mens Charities I now resigne.

Finis

Finis in him, that *Finis* once ſhall make
Of Sinne and Death, for all his choſen ſake:
Infinite then, ſhalbe the mirth and ioy,
That we ſhall haue with him in that great day.
Vnto which ioyes, ſoone bring vs all O Lord,
And keepe vs alwayes, ſtedfaſt in thy Word.
In euery thing, looke well vnto the ende,
Remember *Death*, and feare ſtill to offende:
Count all thinges vaine, vnto Eter-ne-tie,
Liue well, and thou ſhalt liue Eternalie.

Amen.

Short life by breath, the Learned ſtill do ſay,
Long life by Death, if we go the right way.

FINIS.